AURORA

1902

SAGINAW HIGH SCHOOL

Dedication.

To our Principal,

WEBSTER COOK,

As a token of the love and esteem with which
the Class of '02 will always cherish
his memory.

PRESIDENT'S ADDRESS.

Most of us consider the ending of our High School career a matter of little moment. Those preparing for college are thinking of college life; those whose school education is finished are choosing a vocation; all are eager for the future, unmindful of the present. Our graduation is a most important step, a turning-point in our lives. It is the end of the home-life of our childhood. Those at college may return at intervals, those who have entered upon the life-work may be at home occasionally, but the former life as thoughtless, care-free children, in the home of our parents, has gone forever. We begin to realize that,

> "The time of life is short;
> To spend that shortness basely, were too long,
> If life did ride upon a dial's point,
> Still ending at the arrival of an hour."

The statement that school-life contains much real pleasure, in fact is one of the happiest periods of life, has become rather hackneyed through frequent repetition. It is none the less true. We have fumed at lessons, descanted on the uselessness of certain studies, furnished our teachers with nick-names not always complimentary. But as we look back, we cannot but regard our school-life as most joyous; we cannot but entertain a feeling of respect for the teachers who often pounded knowledge into heads none too willing to receive. If we believe with Shakespeare that,

> "Ignorance is the curse of God,
> Knowledge the wing wherewith we fly to Heaven."

we owe our teachers a debt of infinite gratitude.

We are often told that he who neglects his school-work is almost certain to make a failure of life. While it is true that

this is often the case, and that the importance of starting life earnestly cannot be overstimated, it is not true that the poor student should lose hope of future success. He will, of course, be at a disadvantage as compared with him who has been wiser than to waste twelve years of valuable training, he will find it difficult to apply himself after so long a period of inactivity, but, if he persevere, he will succeed.

"To all the prize is open,
But only he can take it,
Who says, with Roman courage:
'I'll find a way or make it!'"

We are about to bid farewell to the school whose halls we have traversed for four eventful years. Throughout, success has attended our various undertakings. And now, as we enter upon the more serious work of the future, let us strive as individuals to maintain the standard of success which we have borne as a class.

Let us remember that the kind of men and women we shall make rests entirely with ourselves.

"One ship sails east and another sails west,
And the very same gales do blow;
'Tis the set of the sails and not the gales
That tell the way to go."

Let us set our sails to a life of noble aims and lofty ideals, and so conduct ourselves that the world will be better because of the class of '02.

MELVILLE BROOKS.

ORATION—LEWIS CASS.

The groups of States north of the Ohio River compose a geographical and historical unit. Long before the Revolutionary War, or even the immigration of Puritans westward, it had its annals and records and its history had begun. But its early history was not a part of the history of the United States. France, and then England, held possession of these regions, and at a later period their early tenure produced many difficulties in the course of American progress. Time and trial were thus necessary requisites for such a movement as that which changed the older conditions and introduced into this territory energetic American life and modern zeal for industry and political activity.

Our national statesmanship has not been confined to waging political warfare, or to winning victories of diplomacy. The Americanizing of the northwest was a great work, and one not simply of local, but also of national importance. This region might have continued hostile to the common life and law of America, had it not been for the wisdom and energy of one of the most "American of American Statesmen."

Lewis Cass was born in Exeter, New Hampshire, October, 1772. He attended the public schools and at the age of ten entered the Exeter Academy. Soon after his graduation the family moved to Ohio, where Lewis began to study law in the office of Mr. Meigs, at Marietta. In 1793 he was admitted to the bar, and the following year began his public career as prosecuting attorney. Two years later, though slightly under age, he took his seat in the Ohio legislature, and at once became an influential member.

At the outbreak of the war of 1812, Cass volunteered and accepted a Colonel's commission. He was actively engaged during the first year of the war and showed qualities of an

efficient officer. He was included in the inglorious surrender of General Hull, at Detroit, although not present at the time. He displayed great vexation at the cowardly action of the General, and indignantly broke his sword rather than endure the humility of giving it to the British. Upon his release from parole, he joined General Harrison in the west and won special mention in the battle of the Thames. He was left in command of the northwest territory, and in 1813 received his appointment as Governor of Michigan.

The young Governor having resigned from the army, possessed civil, but not military authority, and his early administration was beset with great difficulties. Yet no part of his public service is more worthy of admiration than that which he devoted to guiding the career of our commonwealth at the beginning of its formation. Three problems confronted him, arising out of the condition of the inhabitants, the relations of the British and the complication of Indian affairs.

The destitution of the people was very great. Four-fifths of the inhabitants were Canadians of French descent, and knew almost nothing about farming. Cass labored hard to encourage immigration; he believed money to be a relief, but the only true remedy was the introduction of thrifty farmers from the east to teach the hunter and trapper the elements of agriculture. Cass, after much trouble, obtained a survey of Michigan and the establishment of a public land office. Immigration was started and the territory rapidly progressed. Agricuture had so prospered that by 1830 flour was exported to the east.

The British officers left in command of upper Canada at the close of the war were arrogant and overbearing, and were constantly aiming to project their authority into the territory of Michigan. But Cass, backed only by his little colony and a few "pet Indians" (as they were derisively called), assumed an attitude of defiance and soon convinced them that he knew the privileges of his citizens and the rights of his country. Through his characteristic zeal and promptness in action, the

British interference with traffic upon the "Great Lakes" was stopped, and their attempt to domineer over the northwest was completely checked.

Perhaps the severest task which presented itself to Governor Cass was the work of bringing the Indians into proper respect for the power of the United States.

In 1819 Cass made an exploring trip to the Upper Peninsula for the purpose of ascertaining the mineral wealth of Michigan, as well as to make some Indian treaties if the land proved desirable. At Mackinaw he called a meeting to treat with the Indians, but they were strongly in the English interest. The presents he offered them were spurned, and amid much confusion the meeting was broken up. The defiant Indians had raised a flag-pole in their camp and insolently hoisted the British flag. This was too much for the patriotic young Governor, and without a moment's hesitation, accompanied only by his interpreter, he fearlessly walked into their midst, hauled down the British emblem, trampled it under foot and ran up the American flag in its place. This bold act seems to have overawed the Indians and won their greatest respect. They were glad to come to any terms and became his closest allies.

The ability with which he counteracted the British influence over them, his honest dealing with them, and his bold and fearless action in every crisis, are evidences of his thorough knowledge of Indian character. He was wont to say in years after, that he never broke his word to an Indian, and never expected to find that the red man had broken his word to him. Cass did much to promote the copper industry of the Upper Peninsula, by being one of the first to discover its location, and by obtaining much of that land as a part of Michigan. Through the comprehensive suggestions of Lewis Cass, a basis of public education was established, for which a school system has been modeled which stands today as the most perfect embodiment of popular American education.

In 1831 Cass was made Secretary of War. Before his term of office had expired he was relieved of the responsibility

because of ill-health, and was appointed Minister to France. In 1848 he was nominated for the Presidency by the Democrats, but he was defeated by General Taylor, who was then the hero of the Mexican War. Cass's career in national politics, as a whole, greatly injured his reputation. He seems to have been a northern man with southern principles, an unfortunate circumstance which created a host of enemies. His public life came to an end along in the "fifties," when Michigan became a Republican State. He spent the last six years of his life quietly at his home in Detroit, dying in June, 1866. But whatever his position in general politics may have been, we must not lose sight of his career as Governor of Michigan. For the eighteen years that he governed this territory, we find that he was a man of positive integrity, strongly devoted to his duty, and although his life was necessarily shaped by the limitations of the times, nevertheless his career places him high in the ranks of noble, patriotic and worthy statesmen. By his decision and good judgment he solved the difficult problems that arose from the complicated relations with Canada; by his courage he gained ascendency over the Indians, and by his uprightness won their complete confidence. Through his efforts they peaceably gave up their soil to advancing settlers, and Michigan has the rare distinction of never having known the horrors of an Indian war. Above all, his genius guided Michigan at the most critical period of its history, and his influence was paramount in the formation of our first State Constitution. Thus he gave form and spirit to our early institutions, and largely determined the character of our political development. There is no other man in its whole history from whom Michigan has received so much, to whom we, as citizens of the State, owe such a debt of gratitude, and whose memory we ought to hold in such high honor.

JOHN T. SAMPLE.

CLASS ESSAY.

Experience seems to prove that every graduating class of any institution of learning finds it absolutely indispensable to its future welfare to read, or have read to it a Class Essay. It is necessary that this piece of literature shall instruct the graduates how to conduct themselves when out in the wide, wicked world, and what their aims and ambitions should be. Of course, as this dissertation must be as favorable to the class as possible, it should be written by one who, if not blind to its faults, has at least the tact and charity not to dwell upon them. Accordingly it has become the custom of the organization to appoint to this position one of its less critical members, one who seems incapable of a more intellectual task, and whose feelings might suffer if he were not honored by some such occupation.

In this particular case, the Class Essayist feels unable to give the usual eulogy upon one of the cardinal virtues, such as ambition, perseverance or honor, and he is discouraged from attempting such a production by the fact that his instructors have occasionally insinuated that he was somewhat deficient in these traits. In spite of all this, however, he will try to furnish morals, ideals, et cetera, to his classmates by referring them to some especially interesting and instructive points made by his predecessors of previous classes.

Unfortunately for this purpose, the essayist of the first Aurora neglected to put any morals in her composition, and the editors of the next two Auroras failed to place any essays in their publications. Possibly the reason for this was that these classes had no morals; but let us be charitable and hope that these omissions were only due to the fact that the former

classes were not sufficiently impressed with the importance of making known their ambitions and ideals to the world at large.

At length we are considerably enlightened upon these subjects by the issue of ninety-three. We are told that our aim in life is to build pyramids, and that life is joyless without doing so. The present writer is incapable of appreciating these sentiments, as he has a great aversion to hauling stone, mixing mortar and building anything more substantial than castles in the air. But doubtless the essayist is right, so I humbly advise you to commence this occupation immediately, and to continue in it until you think that some more important and easier duty presents itself.

At this point the investigator is somewhat confused. The essayist of the following year fails to mention pyramids, and to the utter neglect of architecture, proceeds to give us a composition which savors strongly of missionary literature. Its author seems to insinuate that we are all confirmed idolators, but I think that this charge should be refuted unless it alludes to the extreme veneration in which we hold our dear teachers.

We have now reached a period where the Class Essay is a well-developed feature of the Aurora. In fact, the product of ninety-five in that line is so highly developed that the present investigator could with difficulty follow the figurative and flowery language, but he will outline the thought to you as he understood it, occasionally quoting the author.

After a short introduction, we are led among some enormous flower-beds filled with a sort of sacred flowers. We are told to be extremely careful when walking among them, and above all things to avoid "crushing and ruthlessly trampling under foot" the "beautiful blossoms." We are to gather these. In fact, the essayist of ninety-five asks: "What else is worth seeking? For what else can life-labor and soul-worth be profitably given?" And her successor of nineteen-two can only reply: Let us all be florists and lead an ideal life. What an excellent scheme it would be for a class of High School

pupils to run a green-house. It would certainly be economical, for the class itself would furnish all the green material necessary.

How much pleasanter such an occupation would be than building the pyramids before mentioned, and above all, how much more poetic. Your gifted class essayist is enchanted with the idea. He beseeches you to carry it out. Consider its advantages—no physical or mental exertion to speak of, no drudgery, no work. The writer can only do this plan justice by referring you to the Aurora containing this composition, but warns you that it includes some rather uninteresting allusions to character, individuality and unselfishness, which he advises you to skip.

As you now have an idea of the form of class essays, we might quickly run over a few more of their subjects. In one place we have the story of a young man who fleeced his father-in-law (for further particulars, see under Jason in Harper's Dictionary of Classical Literature and Antiquities); we are told several times that "we must leave the dear old High School;" and another author boldly tells us to set ourselves upon pedestals, although this advice is probably unnecessary.

You have been well informed upon the different ways of starting out in life, but if you should still wish to inquire deeper into the matter, I would advise you to diligently study the essays in the back numbers of the Aurora. They contain all the information extant on the subjects above mentioned and considerably more besides.

THE CLASS ESSAYIST.

CLASS HISTORY.

As the summer of the year, 1902, draws near, and the day of the commencement exercises approaches, all who keep in touch with current events will realize that one of the most illustrious and progressive classes that ever entered the Saginaw High School is about to make its final exit, after battling with all the obstacles, enjoying all the pleasures, and enduring all the hardships that a four-years' course in that great institution of learning could present to us, we have emerged an educated and ambitious body of young men and women, but tempered with the discretion which only a long and hard struggle in such a place can bring. It is right that here we should lay before the admiring public and struggling undergraduates a short chronicle of the events and pleasures of that memorable period.

In June, 1898, each of us got a glimpse of what our future class would be, when we came to register our names. By performing this act, we signified our intention to return the next fall ready for any or everything that would be placed before us.

Return we did, and started forth on our glorious career. We were disconcerted at first, on account of our separation into various session rooms. This destroyed the bodily union, but not the union of spirit so characteristic with us. Recovering from this blow, we, with our natural quick comprehension of affairs, grasped the routine of school and soon won the respect of everyone by our intelligence and deportment. We took especial care in the latter and never caused our teachers any unnecessary trouble.

Our first act of importance was the organization of our class. We adopted an excellent constitution and elected our

officers. This organization, once made, was never broken, and through all the four years we were noted for our class strength.

The oratorical contests took up much of our first year's time. Each Friday we were trained in elocution in the Current Topics classes, and the outcome of this was our class contest. Here we chose a speaker to represent us in the school contest. This was a grand affair, in which thirteen speakers took part, and consumed four hours of our valuable time. But, of course, we all enjoyed it immensely.

Months rolled by, vacation passed and at last we were Sophomores. When we returned under this title we found a new Principal in charge. During our first year we had been under the watchful eye of Mr. Warriner, but he had gone a step further up, and now Mr. Cook, an amiable gentleman and painstaking teacher, was to direct our course.

While we were filling ourselves with knowledge, our second year passed quickly. This was the least important of the four years, and while it was progressing we applied ourselves assiduously and gained a great deal which will stand by us in future years.

Now the impressing fact that we would soon be Juniors dawned upon us.

In September, 1900, with dignity fitting our new position, we entered upon the third engagement.

Of all the years in the High School, the Junior year is most replete with social events; events which not only give great enjoyment to members of the school, and to the public at large, but also show the spirit and capability of the class which produces them.

We elected our officers early in the year, and under their direction, and with the aid of capable committees, all our affairs came to a successful termination.

We then gave a Musical, the proceeds of which enabled us to complete arrangements for our Hop. This established our reputation fixedly in the minds of the public, because of the high class of entertainment given.

The most important event of the year was the Junior Hop, given at the Masonic Temple November 29. This, in point of elegance and financial success, eclipsed anything formerly attempted in that line.

Then in the spring, those fortunate ones who by dint of hard work had gained the coveted Junior appointments, entertained the public at the Junior Exhibition, and astonished all who were present by their easy self-possession and command of language.

The last social event of the year was the reception which we gave to the retiring Seniors. Especially favored by the weather, on the spacious grounds of Paul F. H. Morley's home, we entertained them to the best of our ability, and had the satisfaction of knowing that all present had a good time.

During our Junior year an orchestra was organized in the session room and gave several concerts, but for obvious reasons it was discontinued by the faculty.

We had several disputes with the Seniors concerning class supremacy, but we held our own in a manner that reflected great credit on us.

Soon we were Seniors ourselves, and under the able direction of Miss Fairchild we took up the last year of our course.

Bound together by the ties of long-companionship, we found our last year the most enjoyable of all, and we entered upon our work with a better spirit.

The first event that broke the quiet of the term was the Senior theatrical. This affair not only showed the talent that lay hidden in our midst, but enabled us to leave a token of gratitude to the school which had molded so much of our characters.

During the year we adopted a class pin, very neat in design, and which pleased everybody.

In the oratorical contest one of our members, Mr. Brooks, with a masterful speech, won the honor of representing the

school at the State Oratorical Contest at Kalamazoo. He also won some of the honors at this place and upheld the reputation of the school.

All is now over except the graduation, to which we look forward with mingled feelings of joy and sorrow; joy to think that we now have life before us, and sorrow to think that we must leave the school with which we were so familiar.

But we all know that the history of this world is made up of the histories of its great men, and if we follow out this thought and strive to be great men and women, the class of 1902 will gain a prestige in this great world which will never be forgotten.

J. Stanley Kent.

COMMENCEMENT SONG.

(Music from Foxy Quiller.)

The ties dissever,—
Break now forever,
Classmates, our colors are losing their hue.
But, before parting,
Ere outward starting,
Lift up your voices in final adieu.

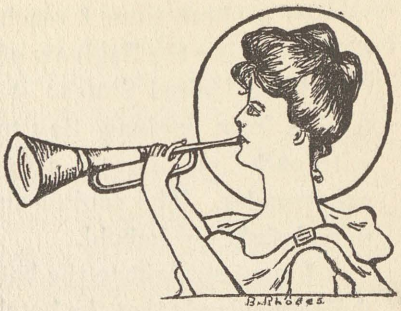
CHORUS—
Classroom companions,—adieu, farewell,
Join in commencement song.
We have together worked, and well,
Studied together long.
Sad, half-recluctantly we disband,
Mindful of good times o'er;
Yet, a glad future is at hand,
Hope brightens all before.

June roses, blooming,
Soon fade, perfuming,—
Filling with fragrance the redolent air;
Friendships upspringing,
Fade likewise, bringing,—
Leaving the heart a remembrance dear.

CHORUS—
Classroom companions,—adieu, farewell,
Join in commencement song.
We have together worked, and well,
Studied together long.
Sad, half-recluctantly we disband,
Mindful of good times o'er;
Yet, a glad future is at hand,
Hope brightens all before.

ALB. TRIPP.

PROPHECY



"Forsan et haec meminisse iuvabit."

In the fall of 1902, a party of travelers, of which I was a member, left the United States for a trip to the Philippines. Twenty days out a great storm arose and drove us upon the shores of an unknown island. With some of the floating timbers we built a rude house and there lived for many years, daily on the outlook for a ship. Years rolled by but no ship came. At last, one day, we saw a speck high in the air. It grew larger as it rapidly approached us, until finally we made it out to be a huge monster belching forth fire and smoke. On it came until it was directly over the island, and then with a horrible shriek it settled to the ground. Hardly had it alighted, when to our great surprise three men stepped out and came toward us. They said that the monster was an airship, and that it was a very common means of transportation. We told these men our story and they very kindly offered to take us to the United States. The next day we were in San Francisco.

Twenty-five years had elapsed since we had last been on American soil, and needless to say many changes had taken place. Anxious to hunt up my friends, I took the electric railroad to Saginaw. I was surprised to see my former classmate, Sara Wilson, performing the duties of conductor. A woman in a man's position! What had the United States come to? Sara informed me, by way of gossip, that Elizabeth Milliken and William Holland were managers of the road, and that the two had quietly been married according to the Woman's Rights' ceremony.

In a short time I reached Saginaw—Saginaw, but how different from the Saginaw of years ago. It was now the capital of the United States; it had absorbed Bay City, and extended from Saginaw Bay to Flint. It was literally covered with parks, monuments, art galleries, libraries and magnificent promenades. The capitol and executive mansion were wonderful sights to behold.

I went straight to the hotel and dined on some of the most delicious viands that the hotel afforded. After dinner I walked into the reading room and picked up a copy of the "Courier-News-Herald," the greatest newspaper of the century, and was interested to find that it was edited by Irene Galbraith. Among the advertisements I noticed the following:

A. B. TRIPP,

SCIENTIST, THEOLOGIST AND POET.

Theories of all kinds advanced at a moment's notice. Sermons, dry or otherwise, prepared in a jiffy. Poems ground out with greatest ease. Those relating to chickens, a specialty.

MORLEY & BAILLIE,

ARCHITECTS.

Any kind of building at any kind of price. Lessons on the Bass Viol given every afternoon by Mr. Morley.

The chief item in town talk was:

The Hon. Florence Blackmer, Mayor of Green Point, and Amy Anderson, City Engineer, are visiting our city to inspect the Scherzer Lift Bridge. During their stay they are being entertained by "The Royal Daughters of Ireland, K. M. & C. Lodge 73.

Under the head of amusements I read this notice:

JEFFERS PALACE OF VAUDEVILLE.

Covers Four Squares. - - - Seats 1,000,000.

Admission at Popular Prices, 1, 2, 3, 4 and 5 cents.

JOHN SILL GALLAGHER
—and—
HELEN HARGRAVE BROOKS,
In the new play,
"ROMEO AND JULIET."

Countess Nella Birss, the Whirlwind Dancer of the Century, will entertain the audience between acts.

I was intently reading these interesting items, when I heard my name called. I looked up and beside my chair stood Alice Aurentz, dressed in the toga of a United States Senator.

After I had wiped away my tears of joy and recovered from my emotion, I told her the story of my sufferings. From her I learned that Elenore Goeschel was President of the United States, and that she was going to give a private dinner in the White House. Senator Aurentz promised to get an invitation for me, and said she would call for me at 7 p. m.

We found President Goeschel in the Reception Hall of the Executive Mansion, attended by her private secretary and body-guard, Frederick Oxtoby. Seated at the banquet table were Congressman Lippelt, Madame Fuerstenau, a great advocate of woman's rights, and Mlle. Smith, organizer of women's clubs. We remarked upon the great reformation woman's rights had brought about. I was informed that Bessie Rhodes was pastor of the church in which Ada Camp was senior deacon and Rose Egloff organist, and was not a little surprised to learn that Alfred Higgins had established the finest millinery store in the city. Before leaving the President's mansion, Madame Fuerstenau promised to take me around the city and show me the places of interest.

About nine o'clock the following morning we started from the hotel and taking the elevated railroad went to the Circuit Court. Sheriff Gladys Brewster met us at the doorway and conducted us to the private apartments of Judge Kate Burt. She cordially welcomed us and ordered refreshments. When we had partaken of these, she gave each of us a stick of chewing gum. We then went to the court room.

Mr. Geddas Van Brunt was suing for a divorce from his wife, formerly Edith Baillie. A jury of young ladies had been called. Clara Andrs, the eminent lawyer, delivered a fine argument in behalf of the plaintiff. After her, the renowned orator and lawyer, George Newton, arose and made such a plea for Mrs. Van Brunt that it brought tears to the eyes of the jurors. He stated that the parties were married through the efforts of the matrimonial agents, Melville Brooks and Courtenay Allington, who had brought about many happy marriages. He further stated that Mrs. Van Brunt had required very little of her husband, merely washing, ironing, cooking, money, and such other little things as any wife might reasonably expect from her husband. The jury wisely decided

in favor of the defendant. So Mr. Van Brunt, very much crestfallen, meekly paid the costs of the trial from his allowance.

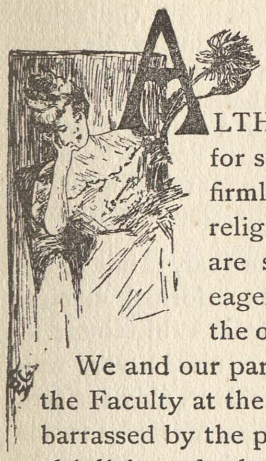
As we left the Court House we saw a large crowd rapidly collecting. We rushed thither with all haste. In front of a large red tent we saw Alice Someroak tooting a horn and pounding a drum, while Inez Bamford, a policeman, vainly strove to keep the crowd back. When the tooting stopped and the crowd had become quiet, Susie Thompson mounted a box, and with a voice that could be heard for blocks, proclaimed the wonders of a new patent medicine she had discovered. It was good for every ill, made fat people thin and thin people fat, warranted to cure or kill. She was followed by a singer who held us spell-bound by his sweet music. What—could it be—yes! It was our classmate Mr. Heim. Wm. Winkler was posing as a user of anti-fat, and Lawrence Roys was showing the effects of anti-lean. Messrs. Lenihan, Kent and Carl Winkler were doing graceful acrobatic stunts for the pleasures of the audience. We saw Ricka Passolt rushing to and fro distributing sample bottles of the wonderful remedy.

In the afternoon I visited the "Home for Destitute Cats," owned by the wealthy philanthropist Elizabeth Prall, and built for that purpose by Mamie Johnson, architect. We walked into the office of Messrs. Hill and Linton, managers. Secretary Stingel told us Mr. Hill was not in, but that Mr. Linton, who had "just come down" to the office, would conduct us through the building. Mr. Linton soon came and showed us the building. I saw many of my old classmates there. Mattie Koehler was head nurse, Kittie Hankin was dentist, and Louise Rademacher was her assistant. Elizabeth McLeod was surgeon and Minnie Mulholland president over the pharmacy. John Sample performed the gruesome duty of undertaker. As I left the building I met Mrs. G—, formerly Marie Ferguson, now wife of a prominent actor. She invited me to attend the great vaudeville performance with her that evening. I did, and enjoyed it very much.

That night when I got back to the hotel my thoughts wandered back to my school days with the class of 1902. What a change had taken place! Politics, professions and business dominated by women. But the thought was too much for me; I fell asleep.

ALBERTA L. ATWOOD.

SOCIAL COLUMN.



ALTHOUGH High School life gives little time for social events of size, still there are a few firmly-established precedents that each class religiously follows. From these, departures are seldom made, although they are always eagerly welcomed. An event somewhat out of the ordinary occurred when we were Freshmen. We and our parents were invited to a reception given by the Faculty at the High School. Although we were unembarrassed by the presence of older and wiser students, still multiplicity of chaperons rather chilled and subdued our spirits, making us dignified for once. This was our only appearance in society during that year, and there were no no happenings of importance during the next.

But our Junior year was marked for the brilliance of the Hop, the literary merit of our Junior Exhibition, the charm of our Musical and the perfection of our Junior Reception. The Hop was, of course, the most pretentious event, and far eclipsed all former ones. The Masonic Temple had been newly decorated throughout, and that, added to the numerous floral decorations, and the beautiful gowns worn, combined to make an exceedingly pretty scene. Not a little glory was attached to the class, from the fact that the Hop was a financial as well as social success.

The Musical, too, was very satisfactory. Although as always happens in such events, the music was all rendered by amateurs, they did unusually well and added to the enjoyment of the audience, as well as to the treasury.

The Junior Exhibition, although not strictly a social event, still may be mentioned here. Although introducing no innovations, it compared favorably with former ones, and our

honored members distinguished themselves in the following program:

A North American Tragedy .....Dorothy M. Fuerstenau.
The Character of John C. Calhoun.....John Sill Gallagher.
Oration .....George Cheney Newton.
Solo for Violin .....Courtenay Derby Allington.
The Art of Book-Making .....Elizabeth Norman Prall.
The Opera Lohengrin .....Alberta Lottie Atwood.
Lewis Cass .....John Thomas Sample.
Modes of life of Our Aborigines....Elenore Harriet Goeschel.
Honor to Whom Honor is Due .....Melville Dadmun Brooks.

Before mentioning the last event of the year, it might not be amiss to speak of the numerous little informal musical entertainments given in Room A., which Miss Whittemore so unwillingly chaperoned, and to which only Juniors were welcomed. Here it was that our dignified President, ably assisted by lesser celebrities, rendered such enchanting music by means of a pencil and his teeth. There were also orchestras composed of elastic bands, Knox's music-boxes and even alarm clocks. All this, remember, in our Junior year.

Last, but with firm assurance, we undertook the management of the Senior reception. Mr. Paul F. H. Morley very kindly offered his home and the offer was promptly accepted. Never in our school's history has there been a more delightful reception. The rooms within were prettily decorated with green boughs, and the lawn was brightly illuminated with Japanese lanterns, and by no means the most despised features were the ices and lemonade served throughout the evening. Of course, the main event of the night was the presentation of the historical horn, which the Seniors gracefully handed over to our safe-keeping for the ensuing year.

So far in the history of our Senior year only one event is recorded—the theatrical, and that has been given space elsewhere. Later will come the banquet, perhaps, and then the final graduation. Everything undertaken during our High School life has been unusually successful, and so it is only natural to predict a happy ending in the final event of a class, not only noted for members, but, we hope, one that will be remembered for its spirit and earnestness,—the class of nineteen hundred and two.

HELEN HARGRAVE BROOKS.

MR. BOB.

The most pretentious, and also the most successful event of our Senior year, was the theatrical, given on the evening of February twenty-second. From the time when "Mr. Bob's" name was first mentioned, until the play had been presented, every one seemed to take an active interest in the production, and their interest was well rewarded. For weeks those who had been chosen had been actively engaged in rehearsing, and still when the night actually came, each one seemed to have acquired new fears. However, the encouraging applause from the audience revived their spirits and all acquitted themselves nobly. The stage had been fitted up into a most charming breakfast-room, and its designer received many compliments. The play was an exceedingly clever production, abounding in humorous and ridiculous situations, and each character was clearly defined and with a charm of its own.

Miss Elizabeth Prall, in the role of a very gentle maiden lady, Miss Rebecca Luke, devoted to her nephew and niece, and with such a fondness for destitute cats that she "had them on the brain," was a decided success. From the time she appeared until all her difficulties were settled she kept the audience in sympathy with her, and never would anyone suspect that this was her first appearance.

Miss Becky's niece, Katherine Rogers, was well represented by Miss Elenore Goeschel. She was a delightfully frank and charming girl and quite won the hearts of her hearers—no wonder that her cousin vowed to "view her lover with a critic's eye."

Melville Brooks, as Philip Royson, Kitty's cousin, was in every way a thoroughly good fellow. He had a hasty temper, but no doubt twenty cats in one house would be enough to

accelerate the disposition of anyone, and then, under all, he was decidedly interesting and "Mr. Bob" would not have been blamed had she forgotten their short acquaintance and accepted his hand with his boat.

Marion Bryant, Kitty's friend, and by her familiarly called Bob, was a very engaging girl, fond of sport and very impulsive. Her part was taken by Miss Alberta Atwood, who represented it most delightfully.

Decidedly clever was the characterization of the much misunderstood Mr. Brown, by Laurence Linton. In his ready-made suit and beautiful red vest, he made such a picture that it was not strange that he captivated the affections of the susceptible Patty. The part called for much character play, and none was lacking in Mr. Linton's rendition; in fact, he fitted the part to perfection.

Nothing has been said thus far of Jenkins, Miss Becky's dignified butler; but still he made one of the hits of the evening. John Gallagher, in the part, not only looked, but acted, the grim and well-trained English man-servant. His love for Patty, and still greater devotion to his mistress, were so decidedly well-assumed as to almost cause a doubt that he was acting.

Modesty forbids a lengthy description of the ubiquitious Patty, but she felt herself well rewarded and greatly flattered by the offer of a permanent position as house-maid.

Last, but by no means least, let us remember Pinta and Mimi. Picture the nerve-racking jar of several journeys of great length on a street car—and then the fright of a first appearance on a stage, before such a dignified audience—and you will not doubt that they have abjured a theatrical life, and hereafter will be just plain cats.

Great credit for the success of the play is due to Miss Hall, who so cheerfully and untiringly rehearsed and trained the cast—the class cannot too feelingly express their sincere gratitude to her.

HELEN HARGRAVE BROOKS.

"So, sir, you have deceived us!"

MR. BOB.

CAST.

PHILIP ROYSON, - - - - - - - - - - MELVILLE BROOKS.
ROBERT BROWN, clerk of Benson & Benson, LAURENCE LINTON.
JENKINS, Miss Rebecca's Butler, - - - JOHN GALLAGHER.
MISS REBECCA LUKE, a maiden lady, - - ELIZABETH PRALL.
KATHARINE ROGERS, her niece, - - - ELENORE GOESCHEL.
MARION BRYANT, Katherine's friend, - - ALBERTA ATWOOD.
PATTY, Miss Rebecca's maid, - - - - - HELEN BROOKS,

SYNOPSIS.

Katherine Rodgers, expecting a visit from Marion Bryant, whose pet name is "Bob," leads her cousin Philip to believe her friend is a man; Robert Brown comes to the house on business; Philip supposes him to be "Mr. Bob;" Katherine supposes him to be Ned Saunders, a friend of Philip; Marion supposes him to be Philip and Miss Rebecca supposes him to be Mr. Brown, an architect she has sent for. The situation becomes very embarrasing for Mr. Brown, who endeavors in vain to escape. Finally matters unravel and everything is made clear.

"This isn't such a quiet place after all."

"You has got me, Patty! For heaven's sake, let go!"

"Cats on the brain? I don't see them, Patty."

"Mr. Royson! I didn't imagine you were Kitty's cousin."

LE RAPIDE DE L. L. M.

There was great astonishment in our little circle of friends when we heard of the approaching marriage of Valentin Saucerre. He! the celebrated endurci; obstinate against all idea of matrimony. Valentin at last was going to join the great brotherhood! And who was he going to marry? A widow! More than that, une provinciale! We did not understand it.

So the first time I met him I asked him for explanations. "The story is very simple," said Valentin, "but since you wish to know it, I begin."

In the month of February I was returning to Nice for the fetes of the carnival. I dread traveling at night, so I took the train at 8:55 in the morning. I expected to pass a day at Marseilles, where my good friends, the Rombands, were expecting me to breakfast. The next morning I would leave for Nice, where I would arrive about 2 p. m."

"I was in a coupe along with another traveler. His only baggage was a portfolio. Surely he would not go far with that equipment and soon I would be alone. Alone! the only thing that renders a railroad journey endurable. Everybody was ready, the train was going to leave, when the noise of a dispute arose near the portiere. 'No, monsieur,' I heard a woman say; 'no, I have ordered a coupe-lit.' 'But, madame, since we have none—' After much discussion and the promise that she would have her coupe-lit at the next station, the door opened and she entered, laden with bundles and couvertures. The engine whistled and we were off.

Without looking at us, she arranged her bundles around her. From the corner of my eye I followed her manege, and with pleasure I noticed that she was charming. I said with pleasure: 'Truly, it is always more agreeable to travel with a pretty woman than with an old Anglais in spectacles.'"

"It was very cold. The traveler, bundled up to the chin, began to look obstinately through the window at the left. Twenty-one minutes after eleven—Lacoche. The train stopped. The gentleman arranged his papers, arose, bowed and left the car. The traveler learned from le chef-de-gare that she would not get her coupe-lit before we reached Lyon, at six. She threw herself in her corner without looking towards my side. I plunged into the reading of my tenth newspaper. I should have liked very much to have a conversation with her, but where should I find the excuse? The only way was to find something very original to say. But what? I searched uselessly."

"I was searching still when the train stopped suddenly, thanks to the new brake, so good against accidents, but so bad against travelers. 'Tonnerre! twenty minutes stop! buffet!' cried an employee, opening the door. My companion arose and went towards the buffet at the left. I followed her, and seating myself hastily swallowed the food placed before me. The passengers began to return in groups and enter their carriages. My passenger had not yet returned, but I saw her in the little reading room across the track. Although her back was towards me, I easily recognized her otter cloak and her gray hat. 'Madame, madame!' I cried, but I was too far off; she did not hear. The whistle sounded; the train was going to start. She was going to stay there in that terrible cold without her baggage. I took up her bundles and her wraps and threw them to a trainman who was standing near the carriage. 'To that lady over there,' I cried. The man took them and started toward the lady. At the same moment, on the opposite side of the carriage, the door opened and my passenger entered and the train started. Horror! I had been deceived. The one in the reading room was not the real one—the same cloak, the same hat, but it was not she! It was a traveler that was not traveling! It is absurd that some women resemble each other so much that—Ah! I had made a nice mistake!"

"Scarcely in the carriage, she cried: 'My bundles! They have stolen my bundles!' 'No, madame,' I said, 'your bundles

are not stolen; they are—they remained at Tonnerre!" I explained all. She threw herself in her corner twisting her gloves in anger. At the end of ten minutes she began to shiver. 'Madame,' I said, 'pray take my couverture! You will take cold and it will be my fault!' I threatened to throw myself from the window, should she not take it. 'But you, monsieur, you will die of cold!'" 'Do not disturb yourself, madame; and when I am cold it will only be a just punishment for my unpardonable stupidity.'"

"Say, your too great haste, for you are right; the intention was good. But how could you take that lady for me?'"

"'Because she appeared so charming.'"

She smiled, the spell was broken. Soon I forgot the cold, the journey and everything. She was delightful! She liked traveling as I did; she had been in Italy, in Spain, as I had been! In literature, in music, in everything, the same tastes as mine! And then think—a host of common friends! She talked naivement, amiably, with a little provincial accent. It was intoxicating—but how cold!"

"At Dijon (2:20), my right foot froze. We telegraphed to Tonnerre for the articles."

"At Macon (4:45), it is the left foot's turn. We received a dispatch saying that the baggage would arrive the next day at Marseilles."

"At Lyon-Perrache (5:45), my left hand became insensible—she forgets to claim her coupe-lit."

"At Valence (8:03), my right hand follows the example of the left."

"At Avignon (9:59), my nose turns to a violet color."

"At Marseilles (12:05), I sneezed three times violently; she hands me my couverture and says graciously, 'Au revoir.'"

"The next morning I had the most frightful cold in the world. Would I dare approach the house of my friends, the Rombands? En voyage, comme, en voyage! They will take me as I am, and tomorrow I will be cured in the sunshine of Nice."

"O, mon ami! what a surprise! That excellent Romband had invited some friends in my honor, and among them was my traveler! When presented to her I bowed and in a low voice, 'and Tonnere,' I asked."

"'I have them,' she said in the same tone. At the table—'What a cold, mon bon!' cried the excellent Romband, 'where did you catch it? In the carriage, perhaps?'"

"'It is possible,' I replied; 'but, really, I do not regret it.'"

"No one understood that strange reply; but I felt the sweet look of my traveler come to me across the fragrant fumes of a binebouillabaisse which was on the table. Why should I say more, cher ami? The next day I did not leave for Nice—and I am to be married in two weeks."

Translated from the French of Jacques Normand, by Edith Burrowes Baillie.

PARADISE LOST.—A HOWLING FARCE.

Scene.—The gates of heaven. Enter on the left, a crowd of High School teachers seeking admittance. Within the gates the Seniors are joyfully sporting on the fields of the blessed.

COOK (advances and addresses St. Peter):—

"This learned band has come, most Holy Saint,
To teach in Heaven. We have no earthly taint,
I swear by my beard, we hain't.
I, above the rest, long to enter in,
My record-book is free from sin."

ST. PETER:—

"Speak not of teaching the Seniors, man;
They know more than all your crazy band.
As for thee, thy sins are known to me;
Thou, with a tyrannous decree,
Didst the heavenly Seniors restrain
From wandering, at noon, o'er Saginaw's plain.
Oft hast thou vexed them with music, vile,
And wouldst not even let them smile
When thou sang the song alone,
In sweet angelic tone.
And now to Hades you go!"

COOK:—"Can't you be more specific?"

WHITNEY:—

"O porter, divine with tears and trembling,
I tell thee I am not dissembling
When I say I have no sin.
I ne'er did a thing but grin."

ST. PETER:—

"O, thou hypocrite, many times and oft,
At the intelligent Seniors thou hast scoft,
When a problem, hard, they couldn't do
And you tried to work it through.
But failed and saidst with foxy look,
You'd do it later, and meanwhile took
The opportunity to look
In your answer book.
Be not slow,
To Hades, go!"

MISS WHITTEMORE, in gentle whisper, begs admission.

ST. PETER:—

"A gentle voice thy sins conceals;
But death all things reveals;
With thy moan and gentle tone,
Thou hast made the Seniors groan.
Thou hast other sins as well,
But now meander down to Hell."

MISS HALL comes forward and starts to ask for admittance, but ST. PETER interrupts her:—

"Welcome! Heaven welcomes thee.
Long, long, have I waited to see
That maiden fair, who, working night and day,
Helped the Seniors give their splendid play.
It was a kind and charitable deed.
Enter now. No further recommend you need."

PARROTT (coming forward with wife and child):—

"Admittance, sire, for three."

ST. PETER:—

"To Hades flee.
Heaven thou shalt not see.
Thy head is full of formulae
Got from Michigan University.
The blessed fields are not free
For such as thee."

(Exit Parrott, accompanied by wife and child muttering some formulae.)

MISS BARNARD:—

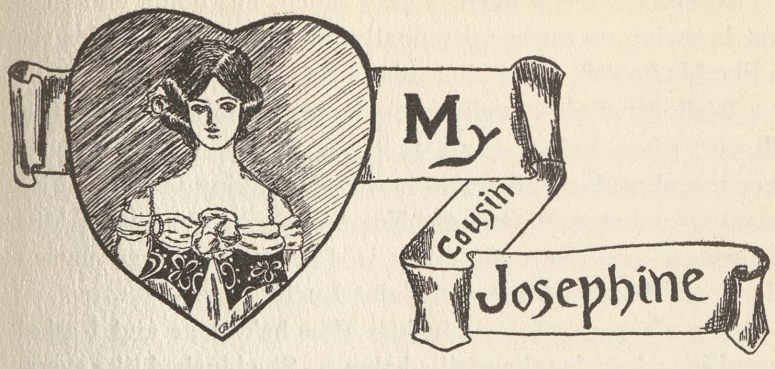
"O thou unbridled one, give me loose reins
To pass into yon bristling plains.
I fain would seek Aeneas, bold;
His pater, dear, I long to behold."

ST. PETER:—

"Away with thee, thou must not jest,
But straightway follow all the rest.
With lessons long, thou didst torment
The worthy Seniors, on learning bent.
But now within the gates they dwell,
Rejoicing to see thee sent to Hell."

(Exeunt all the High School teachers.)

Sounds of joy rise from the land of happy shades;
Shouts of laughter re-echo in the glades.



Everyone thinks that my cousin Josephine is just lovely. Mr. Jack thinks so, I know, because I heard him tell Laurie so. Laurie is my big brother, and Mr. Jack is his chum at college, and they are both here for the holidays.

The reason that I love Josephine is, that she never laughs at me, the way most other grown-up people do. But there, I suppose I oughtn't to go on complaining, because even Josephine admits that some of the things I say are queer.

You see, my mother died when I was a little baby, and I've never been very well, and father has kept me at home and asked Mademoiselle to come and teach me French. This is the reason that I don't know any other little girls. But father lets me read all the books in the library, and that rather makes up for everything else.

I began with the English books on the top shelf, next the door, and I had just finished up to the mantle when Laurie and Mr. Jack came home.

I think Mr. Jack is a little like Josephine. He has the same sort of kind eyes and he doesn't laugh at me either. That's why I'm so glad that I had the opportunity to help him.

It was like this: Josephine loves to read books just as I do, and—just think of it! she knows some real authors! One of the authors Josephine knows is Mr. Harold D. Saint-Lucius, whom everyone is praising just now for his new book which came out about a month ago.

Josephine and I liked it very much, but don't you think that knowing an author personally, and liking him, helps you to like his book? Josephine thinks so.

Well, Mr. Saint-Lucius came to see Josephine quite often, Oh, very often, indeed—and, of course, Josephine was proud to have a real author talking to her, and drinking tea out of her very own cups, and saying, "No, thank you, no sugar, Miss Hamilton." (Miss Hamilton is Josephine's other name.) That's all I ever heard Mr. Saint-Lucius say.

One afternoon I came in just after he'd gone and I asked Josephine what else they talked about. She blushed like everything, and then she said: "Oh, books, and—and other things." I suppose I looked hurt, because she snuggled me up in her arms and hid her face in my hair and whispered that he had asked her a question, but that nobody knew the answer to it, not even Mr. Saint-Lucius himself, and that she would have to tell it to him on Christmas Eve.

Laurie was to come home the next day, and when I told Josephine that Mr. Jack was coming too, she was surprised, and then she said that she thought Mr. Jack had forgotten her invitation. I had to tell her that he wasn't coming to see her. He was going to stay at our house, you know! Sometimes I have to explain things to Josephine just as father has to explain things to me.

They came the next noon, and I was so disappointed because I wasn't well enough to go to meet them, and because I had to stay in bed all day. But they came right up to my room and told me all about college. Then I told them about Josephine's real author, and how he came to see her and asked her questions that she had to find the answer to by Christmas Eve. Then Laurie got quite angry. I suppose he didn't like to have our cousin bothered that way with questions. That's what they have at college and Laurie knows how hard it is. But I told him that Josephine didn't mind because Mr. Saint-Lucius was an author. Laurie jumped up quick.

"That priggish little chappie, Saint-Lucius? Why, Cissy, you can't mean him!"

But I told him yes, I was sure, Mr. Harold D.Saint-Lucius, with a hyphen to put on the "Lucius" with.

It was after that that I noticed how tired they both were. If I hadn't known that he was worn out by his long journey, I should have said that Mr. Jack looked almost sad. So I asked Laurie to get me the first book beyond the mantle on the French side, (I say this so particularly, because it turned out to be so important afterwards,) and then they, thinking that I wished to read, went away—to lie down, I suppose. At least they didn't go to see Josephine that afternoon.

I stayed up late that night reading my book. (Mademoiselle had gone home for the holidays.) When I finished it I had such a queer feeling. I seemed to remember the story—and yet I was sure I hadn't been beyond the mantle. I remembered that cover was red like the—then suddenly it came to me—Mr. Saint-Lucius' book has the same story!

At first I was only glad that I had found out what was troubling me—but then I get to thinking about it, and the more I thought the more excited I grew, and at last I could hardly button my dress, so that I could go down stairs to get Mr. Saint-Lucius' book. You know it's stealing to take another person's story and sell it for your own like that. Father explained it to me. I found it, and yes, they were almost exactly alike. Of course, the names were changed and the scene of the story in Mr. Saint-Lucius' book was in America instead of France—but it was plain stealing.

Then I began to feel badly about it. What would Josephine think when she found that it was a thief instead of an author who had been coming to see her and drinking her tea and asking her questions and everything? And now I wouldn't know any author at all, and it made me feel so badly that I began to cry, and just then father and Mr. Jack and Laurie came into the hall.

Laurie was angry. I could hear him say something about, "Treated Jack, here, shamefully,—shamefully."

Then I heard father say: "That will do, my son"—just as if Laurie was a little boy in a temper—"Josephine is quite

able to manage her own affairs. If you had anything against the man it would be different—but he seems a nice enough young fellow—modest about the book he's written, and all that."

I couldn't stand it any longer. I bounced out into the hall and cried out that it was no wonder he was modest. He was afraid to have it talked about, and it was exactly like the French book, only in America, with the names changed, and Josephine would feel so bad—and I began to cry again in father's lap—and he said:

"Bless me, what's the child crying for?"

That made me laugh. Father's always so worried when I cry. But I showed them the French story, and father took it in a hurry, and Mr. Jack and Laurie took Mr. Saint-Lucius' book. And father would read little parts and then the boys would read—and then they all said:

"By George, she's right!"

And they all kissed me, and Laurie called me a "talented young lady" and an "ornament to the family."

All the same, the next morning the "talented ornament" was worse, and dear Josephine came to see me. They advised me to tell her about Mr. Saint-Lucius' book, so I felt that I ought to. When I got through her face was quite white, and she kissed me, too, and went away without even saying good-bye.

The day before Christmas, just before lunch, I had a note from Josephine. It said that there would be a Christmas tree at Josephine's in the evening, and we were all to come, and that perhaps Mr. Jack would come over in the afternoon. Mr. Jack said that he would be delighted. He's always good to me.

About five we went over to Josephine's. Mr. Saint-Lucius was just going away when our carriage stopped, but we pretended not to see him.

Josephine was in the hall and right away she called me to her and whispered that the answer to Mr. Saint-Lucius' question was "No," and to tell Mr. Jack.

When I told him he smiled all over his face, and I saw that he wasn't looking at me. He was looking at Josephine. And then he said to me:

"Cissy, dear, don't you want to go into the library and—er—a—see your Christmas tree?"

Now, I never have my tree until it's dark, but, of course, I went, (I think Mr. Jack wanted to ask a question himself!) but when I turned around in the doorway at the other end of the hall, I was almost sure that Mr. Jack was kissing my cousin Josephine!

ELIZABETH N. PRALL.

AN OLD MAID'S LOVE AFFAIR.

In an old New England town, there once lived a lovely old maid named Annabell Dove. She was not at all handsome and was never known to associate with her neighbors. Miss Flora Ward was her sole companion. She and Miss Dove were bound together by the golden ties of love and sympathy, and it seemed as if these two old maids were doomed to live and die together. Only once in their long friendship did it seem as if Miss Dove would be supplanted in Miss Ward's affections, and that was when Miss Dove attempted to commit matrimony. It happened this way:

Miss Dove had her apartments in the second story of an old brick house in one of the narrowest streets of the resident portion of the city. Every day, long before school was dismissed, did Miss Annabell seat herself by the front window and watch for her friend Flora, who was a teacher. Now she knew as well as could be that Flora would not be along for two or three hours, but she always said that she watched so that Miss Ward might not take her by surprise. But I suspect it was for some other reason.

Somehow or other, though very attentive to her work, (she was generally sewing) her eyes used to stray to a certain window in the house opposite and there meet the gaze of a handsome man, who was also deeply absorbed in his work. Day by day this happened, and soon the gentle spinster's heart began to glow with love for the handsome individual across the way. Every glance at him gave her a thrill of delight. Instead of sewing now, she read dime novels—but still she looked.

At last love proved too strong for her, and Miss Annabell, during one of her bursts of affection, threw a kiss to the gentleman across the way. He, instead of turning away in indignation, raised his hand as if to return it—but that was too much for Annabell—blushing, she turned away. No more that day did she dare to look towards the window opposite.

Miss Dove's great desire now was to meet the gentleman she loved. So one day she told Flora that she had come

to the conclusion that she had been too secluded, and that now she wished to know more of her neighbors. Miss Ward thought so too and suggested that she give a reception. "Why, just the thing," said Annabell, as if she hadn't thought of it herself hundreds of times. So a reception was decided on, and Flora was to arrange everything and invite the neighbors.

The day for the great event arrived. Miss Ward, arrayed in her silks and satins, received the guests at the head of the stairs, while Miss Annabell Dove, in the front parlor, welcomed them to her humble home. Long she waited for Mr. Heartwell—for she had learned that the name of the gentleman over the way was such—but he came not. At length heavy footsteps were heard on the stairs. It must be Heartwell's manly tread. Annabell was in a great flutter; her heart beat furiously; her temples throbbed; now face to face she was to meet him whom she loved. Just then Mr. Heartwell entered the room carrying a baby in his arms and followed by his wife. O, what a heart-rending shriek dear Annabell uttered as she fell full length on the floor, screaming, and with her dainty feet rapping the dust out of the carpet! The guests were dismissed and Miss Ward, with the aid of the neighbors' wives—prominent among them was Mrs. Heartwell—brought poor Annabell back to her senses.

That was the sad end of Miss Annabell Dove's love affair. Never would she tell what had caused her to faint. She said it must have been the excessive heat.

Mr. Jeremiah Thomas Heartwell, a poor, married artist, noticing that Miss Dove was constantly seated at her winddow, had decided that she would make a splendid subject for a painting. So he set to work making the sketches, etc., necessary for the picture. But owing either to his lack of skill or Miss Dove's very peculiar features, he was unable to obtain a suitable drawing. Thus it was that he was so constantly at work, and so it was that his glance so often met that of dear Annabell. He had very great trouble over Annabell's nose, and the moment after she had thrown him the kiss, he had raised his arm, pencil in hand, to get the proportion of Anna's nose to the rest of her face. Miss Dove had seen the first part of the movement and interpreted it as we have seen.

JOHN S. GALLAGHER.

Die Vielseitigkeit Johann Wolfgang von Goethes.

Es ist schon während langer Zeit eine viel besprochene Frage, wer wohl der größte aller Dichter aller Völker und aller Zeiten sei. Es ist nicht möglich, diese Frage ausdrücklich zu entscheiden, denn ein jeder hat seine eigene Meinung ohne Rücksicht auf die Ansichten anderer Personen. Viel ist schon hierüber gesprochen und geschrieben worden, aber noch ist kein entscheidender Ausspruch erreicht worden.

Manche Kritiker erkennen dem Homer den Preis zu, manche Shakespeare, etliche auch Virgil oder Dante und selbst Milton. Aber nach dem Urteil vieler Gelehrter gehört diese Ehre einem Dichter unseres alten Vaterlandes, den niemand hoch genug schätzen kann, nämlich dem unsterblichen Goethe.

Welche Gründe haben wohl diese Gelehrten bewogen, Goethe zu wählen und nicht vielleicht Shakespeare oder Homer? Die Antwort ist leicht zu finden: Shakespeare und Homer sind nur berühmt ihrer dramatischen, bezw. epischen Dichtungen wegen; während Goethe vielseitiger als beide war, ein Mann, der in fast allen Gebieten menschlicher Tätigkeit etwas leisten konnte.

Daß Goethe so vielseitig war, hatte er der sorgfältigen Erziehung zu danken, die er in seiner Jugend genoß. Sein Vater, ein sehr gelehrter Mann, unterrichtete seine Kinder selber zu Hause. Während Goethe seine eigenen Aufgaben lernte, pflegte er dem italienischen Unterricht, den seine Schwester erhielt, zuzuhören. Auf diese Weise lernte er italienisch sprechen, ohne je eigenen Unterricht darin bekommen zu haben. Außerdem wurde Goethe auch von Privatlehrern in der Mathematik, im Zeichnen und Klavierspielen unterrichtet. Zu derselben Zeit erhielt er seinen ersten Unterricht in der englischen Sprache, und kurz darauf äußerte er selbst den Wunsch, hebräisch zu lernen, worin der Vater auch willigte. Das erstere lernte er in vier Wochen, letzteres in weniger denn acht.

Zu dieser Zeit fand der siebenjährige Krieg statt. Auch Frankfurt ward von französischen Soldaten besetzt, und der Königslieutenant, Graf Thorane, zog in Goethes Heim ein. Graf Thorane unterstützte die Kunst und hauptsächlich die Malerei. Viele Bilder wurden unter seiner Aufsicht angefertigt, und da Goethe ein sehr guter Freund des Grafen war, hatte er Gelegenheit, mit vielen Künstlern Bekanntschaft zu machen.

Zu gleicher Zeit besuchte er eifrig das französische Theater, und dadurch wurde sein Interesse für die Schauspielerkunst und die dramatische Dichtung erregt.

Nun war es auch Zeit, daß Goethe die Universität besuchen sollte Er wurde nach Leipzig geschickt, um hier Jurisprudenz zu studieren. Seine eigenen Wünsche neigten sich zum Studium alter Sprachen, aber sein Vater wollte, daß er Jurist werde. So begann Goethe denn Gesetzeskunde zu studieren. Zur selben Zeit studierte er auch Kunstgeschichte mit großem Eifer.

Nachdem Goethe diese Studien vollendet hatte, zog er nach Straßburg; dort hatte er die Gelegenheit, Französisch zu lernen. Er war von Kindheit an gewohnt, diese Sprache zu gebrauchen, aber er wollte lernen, dieses mit größerer Leichtigkeit zu tun.

Im Herbst des Jahres 1775 ging Goethe an den herzoglichen Hof zu Weimar. Hier schrieb er die meisten seiner hervorragendsten Werke, und von hier unternahm er viele Reisen. Er reiste nach Italien und fing hier an, Botanik, Geologie und Zoologie zu studieren. Nach seiner Rückkehr lebte er beständig in Weimar bis zu seinem Ende im Jahre 1832.

Sein größtes Werk ist der Faust, vielleicht die größte Tragödie der Weltliteratur. Dieses Drama zeigt im vollsten Maße die Einbildungskraft und Begeisterung einer erhabenen Seele, deren Sinnen und Trachten so viel höher und besser war, als das Sinnen und Trachten gewöhnlicher Menschen, daß dieses Werk der Masse der Menschheit, ja man möchte fast sagen, allen Menschen—wenigstens stellenweise—unverständlich ist. Es zeigt uns, wie ein Mann nach langem, vergeblichem Suchen nach Frieden, welchen er durch Eindringen in die Wissenschaften und dann durch sinnliche Genüsse sich zu verschaffen suchte, ihn endlich in der Tätigkeit fand.

Im Gegensatz zum Faust, einem Drama, in welchem mystisch, Allegorien, Symbole und Geister vor unseren Augen vorüberziehen

steht Hermann und Dorothea, ein Bild aus dem deutschen Bürgertum, in welchem Krieg, arge Not, Liebe und Begeisterung für politische Freiheit wechselnd erscheinen. Dieses Gedicht ist leicht zu verstehen und sehr beliebt, während Faust nicht so populär ist, weil er an Stellen fast unverständlich ist, wie oben bereits gesagt.

Ein Verehrer Goethes hat von Hermann und Dorothea geschrieben: „Hier ist das Höchste erreicht, was der Kunst auf diesem Gebiete möglich ist und zugleich eine so reine Wirkung erzielt, daß sie selbst weniger empfindende Herzen unwiderstehlich bewegt."

Goethes dramatische Dichtungen haben meistens eine historische Grundlage, und ihre Stoffe waren nicht seine eigenen Erfindungen. Er aber änderte die Geschichte und die Ueberlieferung, um den Stoff seinem eigenen dichterischen Plan anzupassen. Solche Freiheiten erlaubte er sich im Egmont, Götz von Berlichingen, Tasso und in der Iphigenie.

Der historische Egmont war verheiratet, aber Goethe zog einen ledigen Mann vor, und dadurch hatte er Gelegenheit, einen Frauen-Charakter in Egmonts Geliebte zu schaffen, desgleichen kein anderer in seinen Werken erscheint.

Im Götz von Berlichingen gestaltet er den Raufbold Götz zu einem edlen Helden und Ritter, und auch in der Iphigenie hält er sich nicht fest an die Geschichte.

In Werthers Leiden hat Goethe seine eigenen Gefühle mit denen des jungen Werthers so vereinigt, daß aus ihrer Verbindung ein großes Werk entstanden ist, welches das Streben und Denken zweier Menschen schildert, als ob es das einer einzigen Person wäre.

Goethe schrieb nicht allein dramatische Werke, sondern auch als lyrischer Dichter hat er vorher Unerreichtes geschaffen. In diesem Fache der dichterischen Kunst war es, in welchem er seinem Gefühle die Zügel frei gab und sein ganzes inneres Leben, sein ganzes Denken, Wünschen und Hoffen zeigte.

Goethe und Schiller, die zwei hervorragendsten Dichter Deutschlands, waren sehr gute Freunde, obgleich Schiller nicht ohne Neid auf seines Freundes mühelos erworbenen Ruhm blickte. Hätte Goethe keine der Vorteile gehabt, die ihm seines Vaters gute Stellung und beträchtlicher Reichtum brachte, würde er vielleicht nicht solche Meisterstücke geschaffen haben, für welche wir ihm zu danken haben. Schillers Familie war arm, und er genoß nicht die Erziehung, die Goethe hatte.

Am herzoglichen Hofe zu Weimar war Goethe die Sonne, um welche sich alle die Sterne drehten; er war der gefeiertste aller Dichter des Hofes.

Wenn wir nun sein Leben betrachten, die Ehren, die ihm von allen Seiten zuflossen, und die großen Werke, die in seiner erhabener Seele erblüht sind, so wird uns die tiefe Bedeutung jener Worte aus dem Faust klar:

„Was glänzt, ist für den Augenblick geboren,
Das Echte bleibt der Nachwelt unverloren!"

Dorothy M. Fuerstenau.

THE PECK OF THE CHICK.

Hi! little chick, hop out of your shell,
Break through the walls of your white prison cell,
Force them asunder—hop out and see
How joyful is life, how sweet 'tis to *be.*
One effort more and then you'll be free,
Careful now—lest you fall down in a heap—
Pick, peck-apick, Crack!
Peep! Peep! Peep!

So, Pertelote, you'll also discard
Your ovum for freedom of this spacious yard.
Oh but,—dear me, it seems most in vain,
To escape from the egg one must struggle and strain,
Tug, kick and pull, with might and with main.
Yet, in the end, one does victory reap—
Pick, peck-apick, Crack!
Peep! Peep! Peep!

Bravo, Bopeep and Jack-in-the-Box,
Here is an earthworm for you two young cocks—
Gird now your loins for a tug of war gay:
Why did Dame Nature so harshly forelay
That life upon life should sustenance prey?
But from questions of fate versus mercy we'll keep—
Pick, peck-apick, Crack!
Peep! Peep! Peep!

Courage, young pin-feathers, you are nigh born,
You, too, I greet on this beautiful morn.
These bright warm sunbeams would thrill doubtlessly,
The soul of a cynic with mild ecstacy.
There,—don't be tipsy.—Stop blinking at me,
Why, you're on earth, chick!—fall not asleep.—
Pick, peck-apick, Crack!
Peep! Peep! Peep!

Lo, they emerge;—first wee Cotton-ball,
Then Brown-down petite, and Yellow-fuz small.
Into this world with gladness so rife
—Tho', as you've just found in the dawn of your life
'Tis likewise a strenuous world fraught with strife—
I welcome you, moved with a sympathy deep.—
Pick, peck-apick, Crack!
Peep! Peep! Peep!

Chicklings, in your coming-forth I behold
The truth: *"Omne vivum ex ovo"* unrolled.
This principle holds in a varied degree
In the split of the nut and the sprout of the tree,
The burst of the seed and plantule set free
The peck of the chick and the final out-leap,—
Pick, peck-apick, Crack!
Peep! Peep! Peep!

ALB. TRIPP.

GRINDS

CAUGHT IN CLASS.

Miss Mabely.—"I can't hear what you are saying, Miss Hankin, but I know its wrong."

Miss Whittemore.—"Mr. Tripp, tell us the substance of that paragraph."

Tripp.—"I understand it very well, but can't express it in words."

Miss W.—"Can't you give us some idea of it?"

Tripp.—"What paragraph are you talking about?"

Parrott.—"Now, Mr. Palmer, tell us what takes place when a gun is fired."

Palmer.—"Why, when the trigger is pulled a spring forces the bullet out. (Shouts of laughter.) Well, I guess I don't know much about a gun."

Miss W.—"What was the temperature of the region the fallen angels were in?"

Miss Blackmer.—"Why, it was warm; you might even say hot."

Miss Fairchild.—"Mr. Adams, you are not paying attention."

Adams.—"Yes, I am."

Miss F.—"No; you are paying attention to another young lady."

Hill, reciting a portion of Paradise Lost and coming to a standstill:

Miss W.—"Mr. Holland will go on."

Holland.—"I can't."

Miss W.—"Do you know where he left off?"

Holland.—"Yes, in Chaos."

Miss Barnard (in Greek class).—"Mr. Winkler put an accent on Mr. Brooks' to (toe)."

Kent (translating).—"Dido looked at him intently with her eyes fixed on the ground."

Brooks (translating).—"She dropped her eyes to the ground."

Gallagher (translating).—"They rushed in upon me while I was yet in bed."

Gallagher (in Greek class).—"They sat down on the outskirts of their arms."

SAGINAW EVENING MUSE.

VOL. XXI. SAGINAW, TUESDAY, APRIL 1, 1902. No. 92.

Ads. in this column ten cts. a word for the first insertion and twenty-five cts. a word for each subsequent consecutive insertion. Nothing counted less than fifty words.

TERMS—Strictly cash in advance.

MEETINGS.

THE S. H. S. Lyceum will hold a regular meeting in the cellar of the High School, Friday evening. Members please bring lanterns and leave dogs at home. The regular weekly election will be held, but the members need not pay dues. By order of CLEON SPANGLER, Pres.

A MEETING of the G. C. L. S. will be held Saturday, 6:30 A. M. to complete preparation for the annual hair-pulling contest.

LAURA BOGARDUS, Pres.

S. H. S. ORCHESTRA.—Regular rehearsal of S. H. S. Orchestra will take place this evening on the back fence—weather and cats permitting. DIRECTOR.

THE PEOPLE'S WANTS.

WANTED—Ear-trumpets for Miss W——'s classes. Address Room A.

THE PEOPLE'S WANTS.

WANTED — Two dozen sheets of court plaster, assorted colors to match — complexion. Room 3.

WANTED—To know why Allington has changed his initials to P. D. from C. D. Address, West Side.

WANTED—A competent nurse to keep small boy out of mischief. Apply to Roys, City.

WANTED — An opportunity to congratulate Mr. Whitney on his coming m—rr—ge.

WANTED — Room for a pair of Bay City feet. Brooks.

WANTED—Poetic genius and a hair cut. Tripp.

LOST AND FOUND.

LOST—A pipe. Return to Mount Vesuvius, care of Miss Barnard.

LOST—My temper on May 7th. Return to Miss Wh—ttm—re.

LOST AND FOUND.

LOST — A debate between the G. C. L. S. and Lyceum. Any information in regard to it will be joyfully received.

LOST — A United States History in words of one syllable. If found, please return to Sara Wilson.

LOST—A purse containing $40, railroad ticket, etc. If found return to W—est—r C—k and receive reward.

FOUND — Out how little the Juniors know.

PERSONAL.

WEALTHY maidenly lady of kindly, loving disposition would like to correspond with single gentleman. Object marriage. Address Miss P— F—, Room 2.

INDEPENDENTLY wealthy gentleman of nervous disposition wants loving wife. Address Mr. W——y, care C— Lab.

EXCHANGE.

There are meters of accent
And meters of tone;
But the best of all meters
Is to meet her alone.

Mary had a little lamp,
A jealous lamp, no doubt;
For soon as Mary's beau came in,
The lamp, you see, went out.

Little drops of water
Freezing on the walk,
Make the naughty adjectives
Mix in people's talk.

Brands of cigars on sale at the High School:
Gretchen. Dorothy F.
Midget. Bill W-kl-r.
Pig Tail. Miss K—g.
Pittsburg Stogies, 3 for 5c. Linton, Holland, Connery.
Headlight. Ph-e F.
The Owl. W-bst-r C-k.

HIGH SCHOOL NOTES.

In olden times the graves yawned, but they weren't in it when the audience at the Junior Ex. of '03 started up.

Juniors who intend to take United States history next year are warned that they will have a diet of dates.

Miss W.—"About what did you read today, Mr. Heim?"
Mr. Heim.—"About ten pages."

How handy it is for the teachers, where cornered in an argument, to say they haven't time to discuss it now, but will be glad to discuss it after school.

A. D. or B. C.?
Mr. Cook.—"When I was a boy."

We are glad to see that the shirt-waist fad had a "Little" beginning this year.

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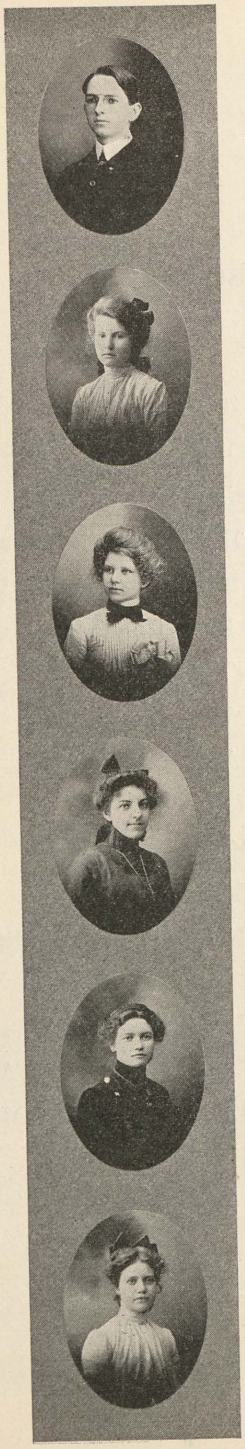
GEORGE NEWTON, STUART MORLEY, JOHN S. GALLAGHER, Humorists.

SENIOR CLASS.



Courtenay Derby Allington.

Amy Helen Anderson.

Clara Barbara Andrs.

Alberta Lottie Atwood.

Alice Aurentz.

Edith Burrowes Ballie.

John Francis Baillie.

Ines Stewart Bamford.

Nellie Isabell Birss.

Florence Lulu Blackmer.

Gladys Lillian Brewster.

Helen Hargrave Brooks.

Melville Dadmun Brooks.

Kate Inza Burt.

Ada May Camp.

Roses Agnes Egloff.

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Irene Sibley Galbraith.

John Sill Gallagher.

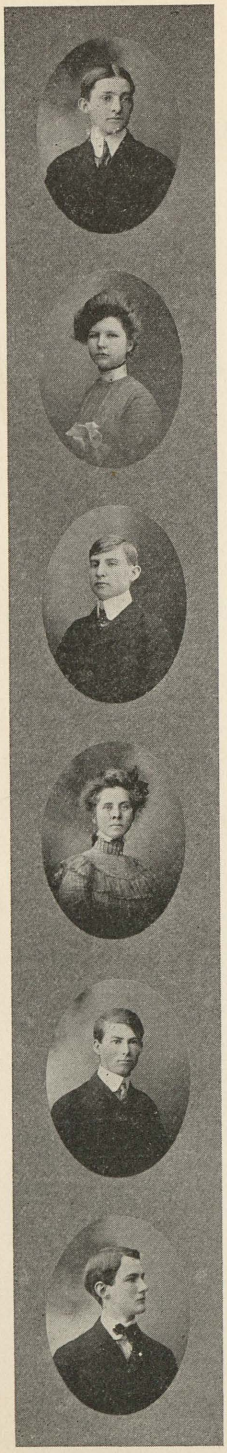
Elenore Harriet Goeschel.

Kate Hankin.

Arthur Henry Heim.

Alfred Kirke Higgins.

Roger Richardson Hill.



William Franklin Holland.

Mamie Johnson.

Joseph Stanley Kent.

Matalena Hilton Koehler.

Edward Lenihan.

Laurence Lowry Linton.

Elsie Amelia Lippelt.

Elizabeth Elsie McLeod.

Elizabeth Josephine Milliken.

Stuart Gaylord Morley.

Minnie May Mulholland.

George Cheney Newton.

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Louise Amily Rademacher.

Bessie Sawyer Rhodes.

Lawrence Roys.

John Thomas Sample.

Maude Evelyn Smith.

Alice Someroak.

Walter Clarence Stingel.

Susie Estella Thompson.

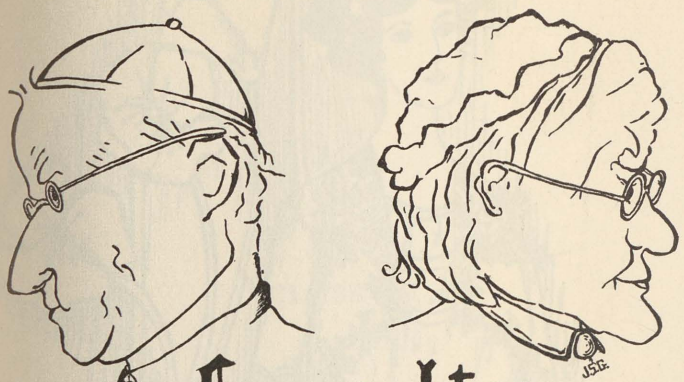
Albert Bruce Tripp.

Sara Wilson.

Geddas Van Brunt.

Carl Fred Winkler.

William Michael Winkler



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Yell:—Zip rah! boom rah!
Zip boom, rah, rah!
'02 Saginaw,
Rah! Rah! Rah!

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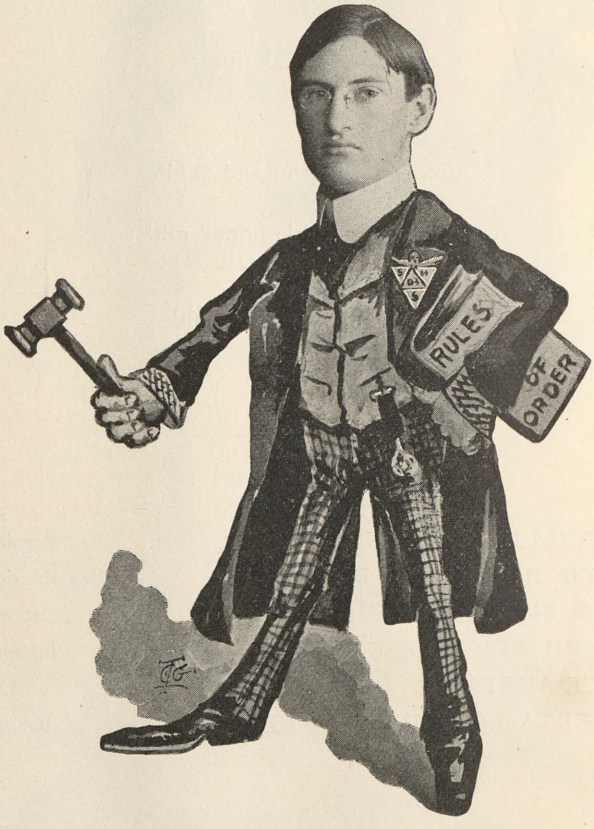
RULES
OF
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Griffiths, Tom.
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Herre, Irma.
Hogan, Weir.
Holmes, Corinne.
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Jamieson, Ethel.
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Kerns, Jennabelle.
Kress, Alma.
Krupp, Lillian.
La Bar, Raymond.
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McHugh, Michael.
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Sager, Victor.
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Taber, Benjamin.
Taylor, Estelle.
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Tillock, Jessie.
Walther, Anna.
Ward, Erma.
Washington, Lillian.
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Yell:—Rah-re-ri-ro-re-rung-rang,
'04, '04, zip, boom, bang!

Abbott, Eva.
Arnold, Emma.
Arnold, Lillian.
Art, Bessie.
Bird, Charles.
Blodgett, Edward.
Booth, Louisa.
Brewer Floyd.
Brown, Duddleson.
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Chapman, William.
Colvin, Chrystal.
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Cox, Harry.
Crane, Lura.
Darge, Adolph.
Davitt, Bart.
De Lambert, Blanch.
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Kenzler, Alice.
Kerns, Ray.
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Lee, Nellie.
Lenihan, Maude.
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Meter, Frank.
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Moore, Cora.
Morse, James.
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Spindler, Edna.
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Stalknecht, Ward.
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Steele, Annabell.
Stephenson, Florence.
Stingel Edith.
Stockwell, Bessie.
Swinton, Helen.
Taylor, Rena.
Thomas, Laura.
Tiebs, Will.
Van Sickle, Oran.
Wallace, Leslie.
Wallace, Will.
Walther, Martha.
Weadock, Jerome.
Weaver, Frank.
West, Samuel.
Witters, Fred.

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Allington Leslie.
Althaus Hattie.
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Armstrong, Pearl.
Art Jake.
Babb, Gertrude.
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Baker, Judson.
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Barber, Zack.
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Barry, Thomas.
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Baxter, June.
Beach, Harriett.
Beale, Frank.
Bender, Herman.
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Bird, Pearl.
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Boehm, Henry.
Bosworth, Neva.
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Burwitz, Lulu.
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Coy, Elizabeth.
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Dieckmann, Beatrice.
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Fredette, Emma.
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Gaffney, Arthur.
Gaffney, Ethel.
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Gage, Louise.
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Gallagher, Kate.
Gaul, Edna.
Gemmill, Donna.
Germon, Frank.
Giltrop, Sadie.
Gilbert, Loise.
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Golson, Alice.
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Hannon, Roy.
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Heim, Wamala.
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King, Will.
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Koch, Robert.
Koehler, James.
Kull Lenore.
La Bar, Angela.
Lacy, Cleve.
Laing, George.
Laing, Jessie.
La Lond, Myrtle.
Laudney, Alice.
Laukner, Otto.
Lee, Miles.
Lenihan, Maud.
Levan, Mazie.
Little, Arthur.
Liddle, Daniel.
Lobsieger, Cora.
Logan, Myrtle.
Lounsberry, Gertrude.
Lowry, Chester.
MacConnell, Charles.
McCrory, Earl.
McCrory, Harvey.
MacDonald, Mabelle.
McElgunn, Patrick.
McMaster, John.
McWain, Chas.
Madden, Raymond.
Mader, George.
Maier, Florence.
Maier, Mabel.
Mann, Gertrude.
Mathieson, James.
Meston, Eleanor.
Mulholland, Fred.
Munson, Archie.
Murphy Eric.
Milne, Charlotte.
Norris, Mabel.
Norris, Olive.
North, Frank.
O'Brien, Raymond.
O'Keefe, John.
O'Leary, Lucy.
Owen, Harold.
Palm, Ida.
Palmer, Ella.
Parson, Blanche.
Peshick, George.
Peter, James.
Phelps, Blanche.
Pinkerton, Frank.
Pinkerton, John.
Plumb, Alberta.
Post, Louise.
Preston, Mabel.
Prottengeier, Lena.
Qualmann, Walter.
Quinn, Ruth.
Rambo, Grace.
Randall, Henry.
Reid, Maude.
Reinke, Mary.
Rhodes, Ella.
Richardson, Ida.
Riedel, George.
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Ryan, Margaret.
Satava, Frank.
Schaefer Rudolph.
Schaiffe, Alex.
Schirmer, Amy.
Schirmer, Gertrude.
Schrank, Ed.
Schieiber, Lulu.
Schmidt, Alma.
Schulte, Cecilia.
Schwark, Otto.
Schwemer, Arthur.
Scott, Charles.
Scott, Edward.
Scott, Helen.
Selk, Olga.
Severin, Arnold.
Sharick, Bessie.
Shaw, Mary.
Sheriff, Bessie.
Shinsky, Robert.
Smart, Shirley.
Smith, Arthur.
Smith, Bessie.
Snyder, Howard.
Spinning, Wm.
Stella, Rocco.
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Stingel, Elmer.
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Swinton, Marion.
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Tatham, Harry.
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Tucker, Georgia.
Ulrich, Henry.
Updegraff, Daniel.
Van Brunt, Elizabeth.
Vanderhoof, Ernst.
Vassold Harriet.
Vetengle, Lella.
Wallis, George.
Walsh, Edward.
Walther, John.
Walther, Emily.
Wark, Nellie.
Waters, Mark.
Watson, Robert.
Walters, Albert.
Webber, Della.
Weideman, Meta.
Wellman, Clarence.
Wero, Frank.
Weston, Will.
White, Minerva.
Wickes, Arthur.
Wilde, Ada.
Wilkinson, Harriet.
Wilson, Lottie.
Winkler, Ed.
Yockey, Sadie.
Young, Pearl.
Zuckermandel, Ed.

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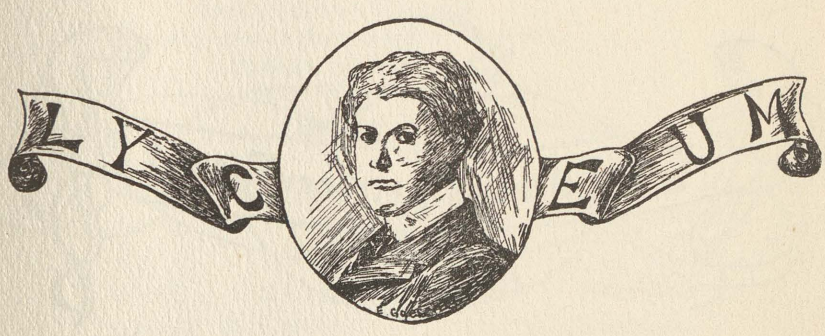
William Wallace.
Arthur Wickes.



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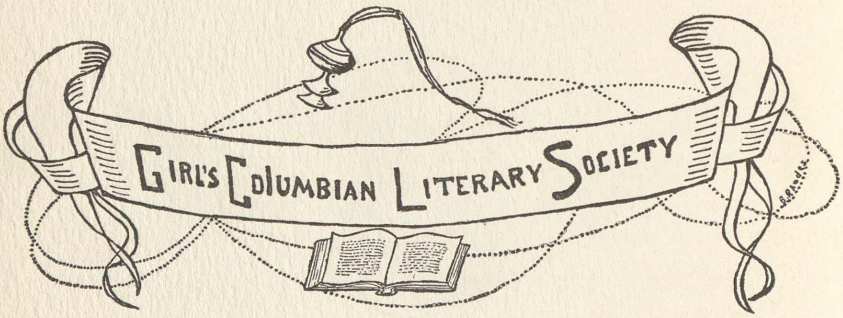

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BESSIE MOORE, ... Treasurer.
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ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION.

Colors:—Black and Gold.

Yell:—Een-dica-deen-dica-fada-dica-fum,
Ee-bibi-boba-ee-biba-boba,
Gada-een-dica-deen-dica jada-dica-gum,
Saginaw High School,
Zis! Rah! Boom!
Saginaw!!

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CORINNE HOLMES, ... Vice-President.
DUDDLESON BROWN, ... Sec.-Treas.
FRANK BAILLIE, ... Track Manager.
GEDDAS VAN BRUNT, ... Track Captain.
WILLIAM WINKLER, . . . Football Manager.
WILLIAM F. HOLLAND, . . Base Ball Manager.

SCORES.—FOOTBALL.

Detroit 11, Saginaw 0. Flint 5, Saginaw 11. West Side 0, Saginaw 5.
Owosso 37, Saginaw 0. Flint 0, Saginaw 0. Detroit 22, Saginaw 0.

TRACK MEET.

East Side 79, West Side 33.
Seniors 84, Juniors and Sophomores 41.

ATHLETICS FOR 1901-02.

FOOT BALL.

Late last fall the numerous candidates for the foot ball eleven gathered at Athletic Park,—determined to keep up the reputation of last year's team, and show the world in general what the Saginaw boys could do. The material promised a better team than that of last year, for the eleven averaged heavier.

The boys, however, did not make the strong team that was expected, principally because there was a tendency to think that very little practice was necessary. They seemed to think that when the time came for a game they would be in good shape to play without it. Consequently there was too much individual playing in the games. Winkler's rushes and punts were as good as they ever were, but they were not so well supported. Adams and Van Brunt made some very fine runs and line bucks, but they generally made them alone, or with one or two men. Very often, too, the line did not play low enough for rushes and bucks which often went through for large gains.

However, the tackling was always good; the men never flunked a tackle, no matter how hard it was. Kent's play in tackle around was always well executed and supported, and he was known to be a sure yard gainer.

As ends, Heim and Holland did some fine work in tackling and getting after the punts.

One splendid thing about the team was the speed and endurance which the boys showed in every game. They went into games enthusiastically, when they were almost certain of defeat.

Much praise is due the Captain, Will Winkler, who has been the star for the two years which he has played, also being the steadiest man on the team.

The Aurora can modestly say, I think, that the best men on the team, with only one exception, were of the class of '02.

THE TRACK.

Perhaps more enthusiasm is shown in the High School over track athletics than any other branch. There was a very good attendance at each of the two meets held at Union Park.

The first meet was held May 3, in which the Seniors and Freshmen, or practically the Seniors, contended with the Juniors and Sophomores. It need hardly be said that the Seniors won the meet by quite a large score.

The meet was in every way a success, and several state interscholastic records were broken. Heim, Hill and Van Brunt, all '02, and Adams, '04, quite distinguished themselves, even though it must be confessed that Adams flaunted his ribbons quite promiscuously.

A week later our old rivals, the West Siders, "screwed up their courage to the sticking place" and fought it out at Union Park. The result was as one might expect. They got one first place and a few seconds and thirds, while our men, outclassing them at every turn, took all the rest. It was wonderful, however, to see the Arthur Hill High School men keep their nerve. Through thick and thin they stuck it out, even when the mighty Adams, a ghastly smile on his face, rose from the ground, unwrapped the blanket from his brawny limbs, and, swelling his chest, jumped five feet three.

The score at this meet was 79 to 33 in our favor.

In saying good-bye to the lower classmen, the class of 1902 wishes them the best of success on the track for the future.

BASE BALL.

It may be said of the base ball team, that like both the foot ball and track teams, there was not enough practice. The boys got out three or four times, played catch awhile, and called it enough.

There does not seem to be as much enthusiasm in base ball as in foot ball, and in consequence the team has, thus far, done very little, losing the two games they have played. The first of these was with Bay City and the second with Midland. They are still at it, however, and hope soon to show what they can do.

The class of '02 is well represented in the team, having Holland, Winkler, Lenihan, and Heim, the all-round athlete of the school.

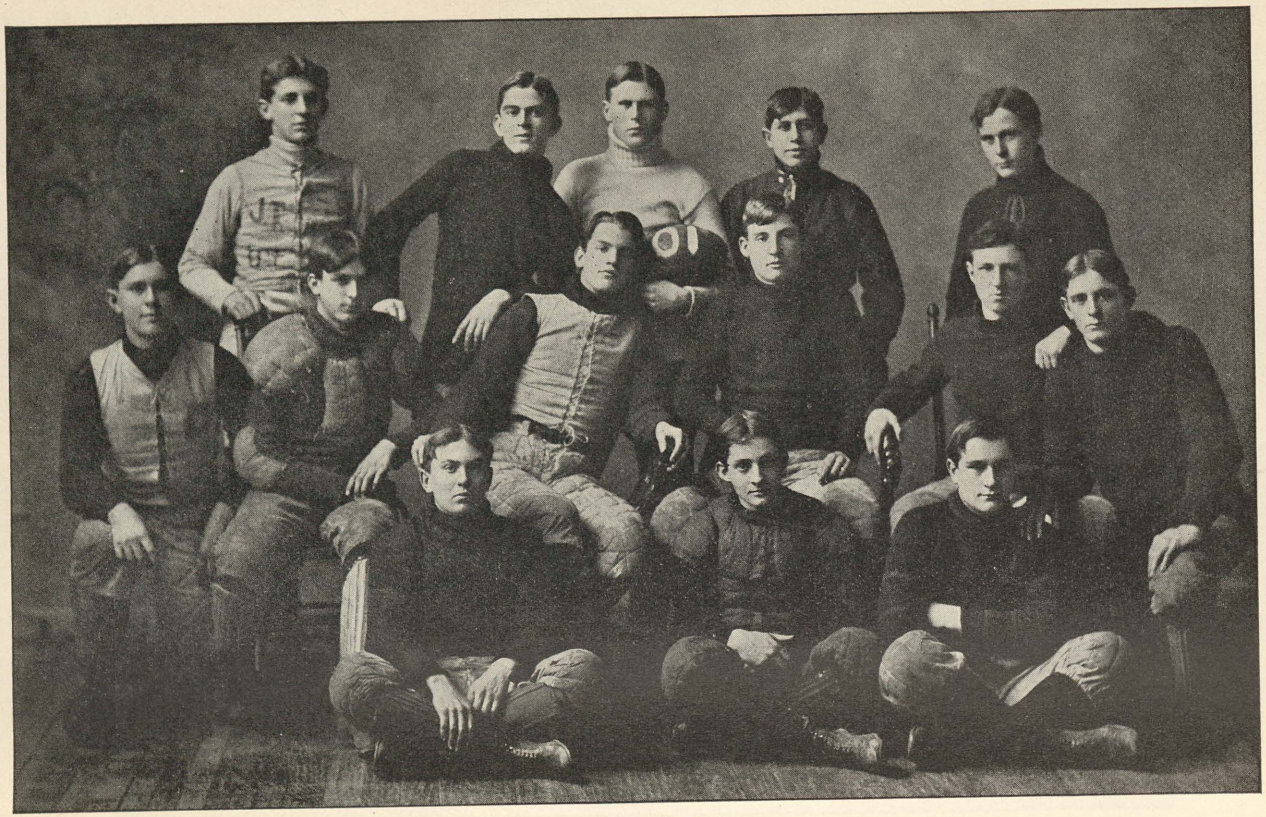
We sincerely wish better success to the team for the remainder of the year, and meanwhile—just a little more practice.

ALFRED K. HIGGINS.

BASE BALL TEAM.

Wm. Winkler .....Catcher.
Ed. Lyons .....Pitcher.
Charles McWain .....First Base.
Charles Bird .....Second Base.
Wm. Holland .....Short Stop.
Arthur Heim .....Third Base.
Harry Cox .....Left Field.
Herbert Lalonde .....Center Field.
Ed. Lenihan .....Right Field.

1901



FOOT BALL TEAM.

Harry Cox .....Center.
John Twelvetrees .....Left Guard.
Alfred Connery .....Right Guard.
John Pinkerton .....Left Tackle.
J. Stanley Kent .....Right Tackle.
Wm. Holland .....Left End.
Arthur Heim .....Right End.
Dave Crowley .....Quarter-back.
Will Winkler .....Full Back.
Geddas Van Brunt .....Left Half.
Ferdinand Adams .....Right Half.

Ed. Lyons, Carl Winkler, Charles Bird,—
Substitutes.

TRACK TEAM.

Roger Hill.

George Newton. Duddleson Brown.

Jerome J. Weadock.

Ferdinand Adams. Cleon Spangler.

Geddas Van Brunt.

Carl Winkler. William Winkler.

J. Stanley Kent.

FINIS

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